

VISIT...

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AMERICAN VAMPIRE

SCOTT SNYDER
RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE

VERTIGO

"Bite them
BACK!"
NEW STORYLINE

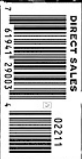


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suggested for
mature readers

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Glendale, California. 1954.



THERE'S A LOT OF TALK LATELY
ABOUT THE YOUNG FOLKS.



HOW WE'VE ALL
GONE MEAN
AND ORNERY,
TURNED INTO
WILD ANIMALS.

PACKS OF ROAMING
SAVAGES AND ALL
THAT, OUT TO BURN
DOWN MA AND PA'S
HOUSE AND CITY
HALL TO BOOT.



YOU HEAR IT ALL DAY ON
THE TUBE, THE AIRWAVES...
TEACHERS AND EXPERTS,
SOUNDING THE WARNING TO
YOUNG FOLKS EVERYWHERE.



"YOU GO ON AND ACT TOUGH NOW, SURE," THEY SAY,
"BUT THINK ON THIS--THERE'LL ALWAYS BE SOMEONE
BIGGER OUT THERE TO COME ALONG AND PUT YOU IN
YOUR PLACE. AND WHAT'LL YOU DO THEN?"



"WHAT WILL
YOU DO?"

MAKES
SENSE, TOO,
FAR AS I
FIGURE...

UNLESS YOU'RE
ME, THAT IS.

MY NAME'S TRAVIS.
TRAVIS KIDD. I'M
NINETEEN YEARS OLD
YESTERDAY MORNING.
I HAIL FROM LAS
VEGAS, NEVADA.

ALSO TO KNOW
ABOUT ME: I NEVER
LOSE A RACE.

Death Race

Part One of Four

WHICH I SUPPOSE QUALIFIES
ME AS ONE OF THESE WILD
TEENAGERS THEY TALK ABOUT
ALL DAY AND NIGHT. WELL
THEN, SAYS I, SO BE IT.



WRITER: SCOTT "EIGHT BALL" SNYDER ART: RAFAEL "CROSSBONES" ALBUQUERQUE
COLORS: DAVE "MOOKIE" MCCAIG LETTERS: JARED "KNIFE FIGHT" FLETCHER
ASS. EDITOR: JOE "SCREAMIN' JAY" HUGHES EDITOR: MARK "DADDY-O!" DOYLE
AMERICAN VAMPIRE CREATED BY SCOTT SNYDER AND RAFAEL ALBUQUERQUE



HEY YOU
LITTLE
GREASER!

I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW
I'VE NEVER
LOST A GAME
OF CHICKEN!
EVER!

MAKES
TWO OF US,
PARTNER!

FUNNY, THE OTHER DAY I WAS
WATCHING THIS ONE EGGHEAD
TALK ON THE SUBJECT OF
THE TEENAGE BRAIN. WHAT
WITH CHARTS AND GRAPHS AND
A BIG STICK POINTING AROUND.



HE WAS SAYING THERE'RE THREE
THINGS THE YOUTHFUL BRAIN SIMPLY
CANNOT MAKE SENSE OF, THREE
THINGS WE JUST CAN'T RECKON
THROUGH. THE FIRST OF THE THREE
IS DEATH.

NOW ME MYSELF, I FEEL LIKE I THINK
ON DEATH PLENTY--TOO MUCH IN FACT.
BUT MAYBE THAT'S JUST BECAUSE OF
MY PARTICULAR SITUATION.



BUT THIS FELLOW, HIS THEORY WAS THAT
BACK IN CAVEMAN DAYS, YOUNG FOLKS
NEEDED TO PUSH THE LIMITS, LEARN
WHAT'S WHAT, HELP US ALL EVOLVE A
TOUGH. SO GOD--SUCH AS HE IS--MADE
THE YOUNG BRAIN FEARLESS...

...LIKE A TRUETONE STUCK ON 78
RPM, GOING TOO FAST FOR THE
RECORD IT'S SUPPOSED TO PLAY.

MAYBE YOUNG FOLKS LIKE ME, MAYBE WE CAN'T
THINK ON DEATH. BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT: THAT
ASSHOLE IN THE FAIRLANE, AFTER WHAT HE DID,
ONE OF US GOING TO DIE ON THIS ROAD TONIGHT.



"YOU'RE GOING TO GET US
BOTH KILLED, TRAVIS!"

Earlier that morning.







202

INSIDE!
NOW!



YES,
SIR.

SIGHS: HEY
MR. FRANCIS,
JUST GIVE A
MINUTE, WILL
YOU?



WHAT
DID YOU
JUST SAY
TO ME?

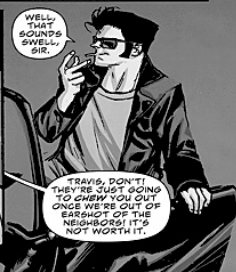


TRAVIS,
IT'S
OKAY.

I'M JUST SAYING, SIR,
PIPER AND ME, WE BEEN TOGETHER SIX
WEEKS NOW. IF YOU AIN'T GOING TO INVITE
ME IN TO MEET THE FAMILY, AT LEAST GIVE A
GUY A MINUTE TO SAY GOODBYE TO HIS GIRL.



YOU KNOW WHAT, YOU'RE RIGHT.
WHY DON'T YOU COME INSIDE
WITH HER AND WE CAN ALL HAVE
A TALK. TOGETHER. GET TO
KNOW EACH OTHER.



WELL,
THAT
SOUNDS
SWELL,
SIR.

TRAVIS, DON'T!
THEY'RE JUST GOING
TO CHWY YOU OUT
ONCE WE'RE OUT OF
EARSNOT OF THE
NEIGHBORS! IT'S
NOT WORTH IT.



A LOVELY HOME YOU
HAV--

YOU GODDAM
PUNK! TRYING TO MAKE
A SCENE LIKE THAT IN
PUBLIC! IN FRONT OF
THE WHOLE FUCKING
NEIGHBORHOOD!

DAD
NO!

WATCH
YOUR MOUTH,
PIPER!

AND YOU--YOU'RE NOTHING
BUT AN UNGRATEFUL BITCH!
AFTER EVERYTHING WE'VE
GIVEN UP... EVERYTHING
WE'VE SACRIFICED
FOR YOU.



YOU'RE READY TO
THROW IT ALL AWAY ON
A PIECE OF SHIT LIKE
HIM? SOME GODDAM
JUVENILE DELINQUENT?

ROY, YOU MAY NOT LIKE MY
CLOTHES. YOU MAY NOT LIKE
MY HAIR. BUT AT LEAST LET
ME MAKE A CASE FOR MYSELF
BEFORE YOU HANG ME ON
THE CROSS.



A
CASE FOR
YOURSELF.
HA!



HEH-HEH BY ALL
MEANS, TRAVIS, I'M ALL
EARS, BUT I HAVE TO
WARN YOU, I KNOW YOUR
TYPE ALL TOO WELL.

BUT SEE,
MR. FRANCIS...







...FREE FROM
THESE GODDAM
BLOODSUCKERS!



DOWN!
NOW!

BLAM



NOT SO TOUGH NOW, EH,
TRAVIS?



HOW...
HOW DID YOU
KNOW ABOUT
THEM?

IT'S
WHAT I
DO.

STAY
PUT.

GOING TO
TEACH YOU SOME
RESPECT FOR YOUR
ELDERS, YOUNG MAN
HEE-HEE!

RESPECT
THIS!

EEEEH!!!

NO! MI
AMORE!

RIGHT
BACK AT
YOU,
MA'AM.

HEEE!







WAIT,
PLEASE.

WE CAN...
ARGH! WE CAN
WORK SOMETHING
OUT. WE HAVE MONEY.
AND THE GIRL, OUR
GUARDIAN, PIPER.
TAKE HER!



TAKE
HER!



WHAT
ARE
THOSE?

TEETH.
WOOD.



BUT
W--

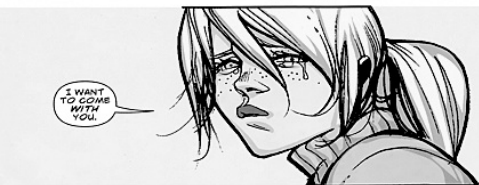
I LIKE
TO BITE
THEM
BACK.



AMEEEEE!

202

2011







SO, GO
ON AND
ASK ME.

PARDON?

ASK ME TO GO
STEADY, WEAR
YOUR JACKET,
YOUR PIN, ALL
THAT.

IN MY DAY, WE GAVE
HANDKERCHIEFS WHEN
COURTING...

...BUT
VERY WELL
THEN.

FLAP

WHAT'S
THAT, MY
RECORD?

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO TRY
TO THREATEN ME
INTO JOINING
YOUR LITTLE GANG
AGAIN, ARE YOU
HOBBESYT?

2011







"...WELL
PLAYED."

BUT GETTING BACK
TO THE POINT, IF THE
TEENAGE BRAIN CAN'T
THINK ON DEATH,
THEN IT STANDS TO
REASON THAT IT HAS
NO SENSE OF THE
FUTURE.



IT ONLY KNOWS
THE PRESENT,
THIS MOMENT,
THE RIGHT NOW.



CERTAINLY THAT'S TRUE
FOR ME. BECAUSE THE
VAMPIRE IN THE CAR
AHEAD OF ME, HE'S
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
MURDER OF EVERYONE I
KNEW AND LOVED.

RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL
THE HARD TIMES SINCE.



AND I AIM TO
KILL HIM TONIGHT.



ALL THERE IS IS HIM,
ME AND THE ROAD
SCORCHED BENEATH
OUR TIRES.



BUT ONE THING I'VE
LEARNED ABOUT RACES
LIKE THESE, THEY CAN
TURN ON A DIME.



BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT, THE
ROAD SWITCHES
UP BENEATH
YOUR WHEELS.



AND JUST WHEN YOU
THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER,
THAT'S WHEN THE REAL
DEATH-RACE BEGINS.

To be
continued...

ON THE

LEDGE



PG: It's no easy task getting each issue of **THE UNWRITTEN** out on time. You would not believe how quickly four weeks flies by when you're making a comic. So it makes no sense whatsoever that Mike and I decided to go biweekly for 5 months and put out 10 issues instead of the normal 5. And yet, given the way **THE UNWRITTEN** has developed, it makes perfect sense...

MC: It was a habit we got into back when we were working on **LUCIFER**. At the end of every arc we'd do a one-off, not as a diversion or change of pace, but as a way of cutting across the flow of the narrative and illuminating some detail—a character beat, a reveal, a repercussion—that we wanted to bring out. But **THE UNWRITTEN** is a story about stories, so we took that idea a lot further in issues like *How the Whale Became*, the *Mister Bun* stories, and the choose-your-own-adventure.

PG: It wasn't really planned to do this, it just sort of evolved. One of us would often say to the other that we wished we could just do four or five one-offs in a row, but we knew that taking that big a break from the main story would be detrimental to its pace. I think I was the one who jokingly suggested that we just do a whole bunch of one-offs and do them on the side, in addition to the main story...

MC: And that's what we did, in the end. We put together a proposal for a series of one-off stories that would weave in and out of the main arc, answering long-standing questions, revealing parts of character origins, and so on. We pitched it to our editors and got a green light on the same day.

PG: And I think these .5 issues succeed beyond what we hoped. They've become another tool to tell a great epic story. Instead of slowing things down to explore these rich background tales, we're able to keep the pace going in the main story but deepen and widen the scope with the in-between issues. We love the way it turned out, and hopefully you will too.

MC: Peter says we're doing comics the way musicians do jazz. I see it as more of a classical fugue. Either way, it's all about different voices telling the same story. Kind of like this *On the Ledge*.



MIKE CAREY and **PETER GROSS** first worked together on **LUCIFER** for Vertigo over ten years ago, and have been friends and collaborators ever since. Separately, Mike has been the writer of *FAKER*, *CROSSING MIDNIGHT*, *GOD SAVE THE QUEEN*, and *X-Men*, and Peter has been the artist on *THE BOOKS OF MAGIC*, *Chosen*, and the writer and artist of his self-published series *Empire Lanes*. Peter currently lives in Minneapolis, MN, and Mike resides in England.

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